

POEMS



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POEMS WRITTEN ON
THE JOURNEY FROM SENSE TO
SOUL BY AUGUSTA E. STETSON

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AUGUSTA E. STETSON

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THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST,
IN BOSTON, MASS.
THE MOTHER CHURCH AND ITS EXTENSION.

LOVE LEAD US ON,
TILL THE NIGHT BE GONE,
TILL WE WAKE IN THE MORNING LIGHT;
TILL LOVE'S VOICE OF CHEER,
HUSHES EVERY FEAR,
AND HER FACE IS REVEALED TO SIGHT.

THESE POEMS I DEDICATE

TO

The Reverend Mary Baker Eddy

AS A STUDENT TO THE TEACHER,

AS A FOLLOWER TO THE LEADER,

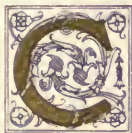
AS A CHILD TO THE MOTHER.



*The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.
The Mother Church of Christian Science.*

Sing the Song of Gladness!!

("OUR PRAYER IN STONE.")



CHILDREN of the Blessed,
Sing the song of gladness!

Ring the loud hosannas! Christ to earth again is come.

Raise the voice to praise him!

Bid the world adore him!

While we follow, listening to the voice that calls us home.

Written at the
completion of
the Mother
Church, The
First Church of
Christ, Scientist,
Boston, Mass.

Has the path been thorny?

Roses, with their fragrance

Cheered us, as we followed in the Way our Saviour led.

When we, Israel's children,

Hungered in the desert,

How the hand of Love supplied the ever living bread!

SING THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

When athirst and weary,
Faint and heavy laden,
Following through the wilderness of sin and sense, our Guide,
Then we heard the summons,
Falter not, but come ye;
Drink the ever living waters, which in me abide!

Bread of Life to strengthen;
Waters to refresh us,
Flowing ever freely from the ever living Fount.
Mother love to counsel;
Mother voice to cheer us;
Mother smile to beckon from the valley to the Mount.

Could we fail or falter,
While the loving Saviour
Every want supplied, and every tear drop wiped away,
Every murmur silenced,
Every shadow lessened
With the power of Love divine, revealing God's bright day?



SING THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

As we catch bright glimpses
Of the Eternal Real,
As we lose the echo of sorrow, sin, and care—
Brighter gleams God's glory.
Chant again the story!
Christ is come to human ken, His temple to prepare.

Sing for joy ye ransomed!
Prayer in stone appearing
Bids us trim our lamps, and wait the Bridegroom's midnight call.
Sing, for Christ is with us!
Israel's Shepherd leads us!
Love is come to reign forever, crown Her Lord of all!



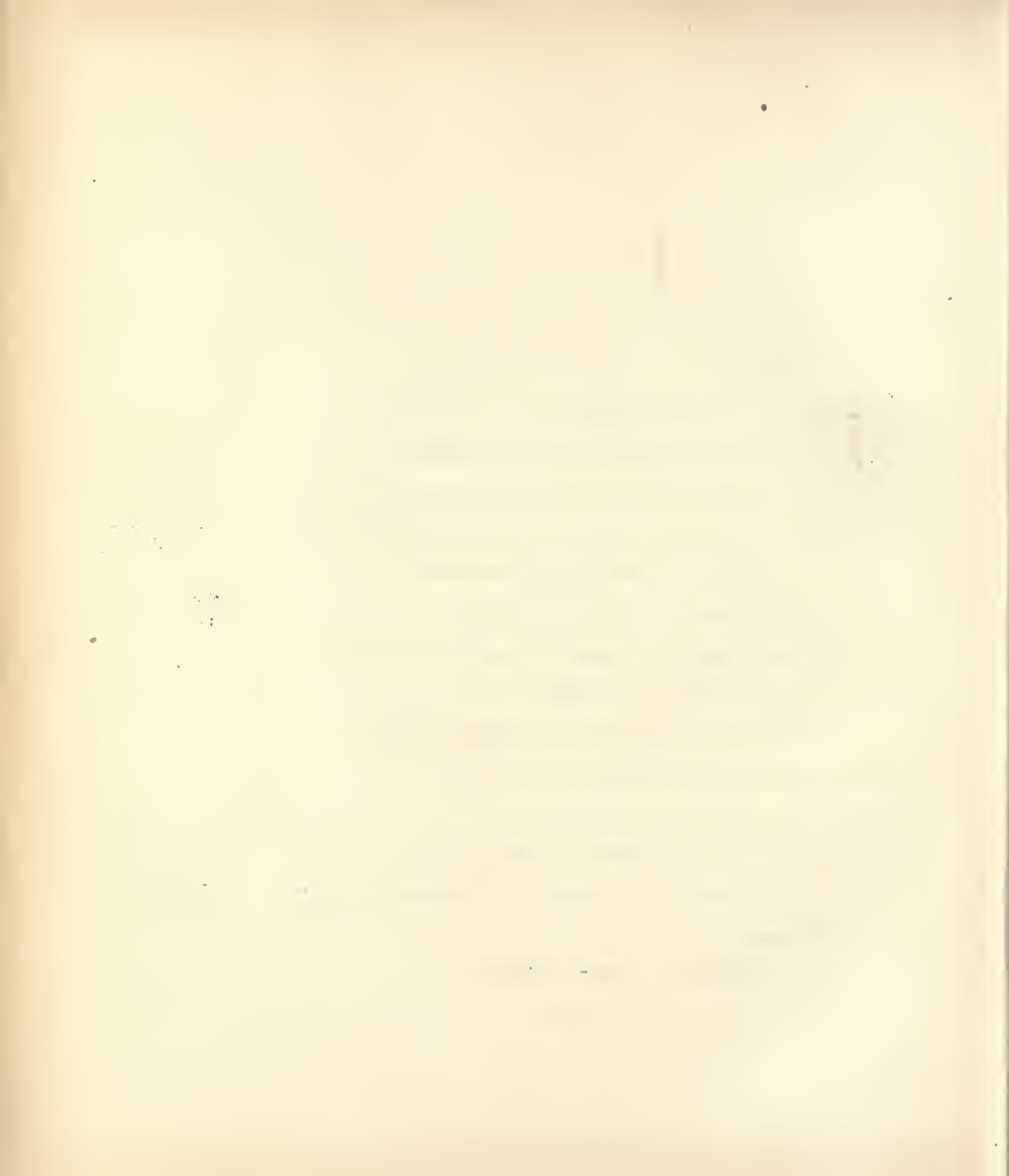
Communion.



’ WAS Sabbath morn. The city lay
In the embrace of dawn, which,
As it blended with approaching day,
Revealed cathedral dome, and lofty spire
Of many a church, where people congregate
To worship God; till at length,
Its radiance rested on a temple, made
Of stone, symmetrical and white,
Which towered in silent speech, and
Voiceless prayer, piercing the sky; as if
To point beyond the finite view,
And lead the worn and weary unto Christ.
The joyous birds joined in the silent anthem,
“God is Good;” *
And whispering leaves were hushed,
As if in prayer;

Communion
service at the
Mother Church,
The First Church
of Christ, Scien-
tist, Boston,
Mass., June 7th,
1895.

Science and
Health, with Key
to the Scriptures,
by Mary Baker
Eddy.



COMMUNION.

And as the dewdrop
Glistened on the lily's breast,
And flashed its varied hues, it voiced the message
"God is Good." *

The crystal waters,
Touched by hand unseen, sparkled
From lake and fount, and,
Pure and smiling, turned their faces fair,
For Love's impress, and murmured,
"God is Love."

* Science and
Health, with Key
to the Scriptures,
by Mary Baker
Eddy.

Eternity's great organ seemed to wake
The world to prayer and praise.
Anon, upon the breath of morn, were borne
Sweet silvery chimes, floating on
Pulseless air, like voice from
Mother heart, calling to children dear,
And tremulous with love and blessings,
Prayed the Shepherd Christ to show
Her how to go across the hillside's
Steep and rugged way,
And safely lead His sheep.



COMMUNION.

Well the disciples knew the
Voice, calling to feast of
Love, and thronged the temple door,
Eager for Word of God, and Christ,—the bread.

The thirsty pressed for drink
From "little book" the key to
Heavenly wealth,—God's Holy Word,
Revealing Truth and Love,—hid since
The world began, but now ope'd wide
Through Science and Health.
As deep within the heart was heard
The promise, Whoso eateth of this
Bread, shall hunger not, nor shall
They thirst again who drink
My blood, a peace descended, and the
Singers rose and gave to listening worshippers
The chant,—“The righteous shall go in.”
A holy hush bade human sense
“Be still,” and Christ was felt,
Sweeping with touch divine across the
Harp of thousand strings, attuning



COMMUNION.

To Life and Love.

Then rose the Readers, calm and strong
In Christ, and prayerful, trusting
God to feed His people in green
Pastures, and to lead beside still
Waters, through the Comforter and Word.

To hearts attuned to Love, this
Holy hour seemed like the gate of
Heaven, which, ajar, disclosed
The smile of Christ, calling in
Tender accents, Come to Me.

Bowed in humble prayer, prostrate
Before the Christ, and listening
For His voice, a heavenly benediction
Fell upon the heart, and tearful
Gratitude went up to God for
Her who gave to all the Guide
To Life divine,—who clasps again
The sinner's hand—who turns
The straying footsteps to the
Light, and leads once more the



COMMUNION.

Way to God, as did the Christ of yore.

Communing thus, a sacred
Presence filled the place, and
Heavenly messengers brought
Peace and hope, to struggling pilgrims,
Kneeling there for bread,
And waters pure, from Spirit fount.

Love rose to temple dome,
And filled each humble heart
With incense from God's altar.
And the song was heard again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Sung by unseen choirs there,
As they knelt in silent prayer.
'Twas as if the chord of love,
Swept by Master hand above,
Thrilled the meek and lowly heart,
Bidding care and fear depart.
Then was caught the low refrain,
"I am with you once again,"
I have given the bread and wine,



COMMUNION.

I am Christ, and ye are mine.
Hush! within this holy place,
Love false concepts will efface;
Turn ye all from gold and dross,
Gaze upon the radiant cross!
Holy Spirit, break the bread,
Till each hungry heart be fed!
Drink the wine, so freely poured
By the "Comforter," adored!
Then with power of love, reveal,
How the Christ the sick doth heal!
Hear the Saviour bid you go
Out into a world of woe,
Loving all, as I love you,
Each the healing work will do;
And, forgetting harsh offense,
Yield to Love in penitence.
Then will love for God and man,
Light the earth with rainbow span.

* * * * *

The faithful rose to follow Christ's
Command, to heal the sick and sinful, and
To overcome the sense of self and sin.



The Dove and the Star.

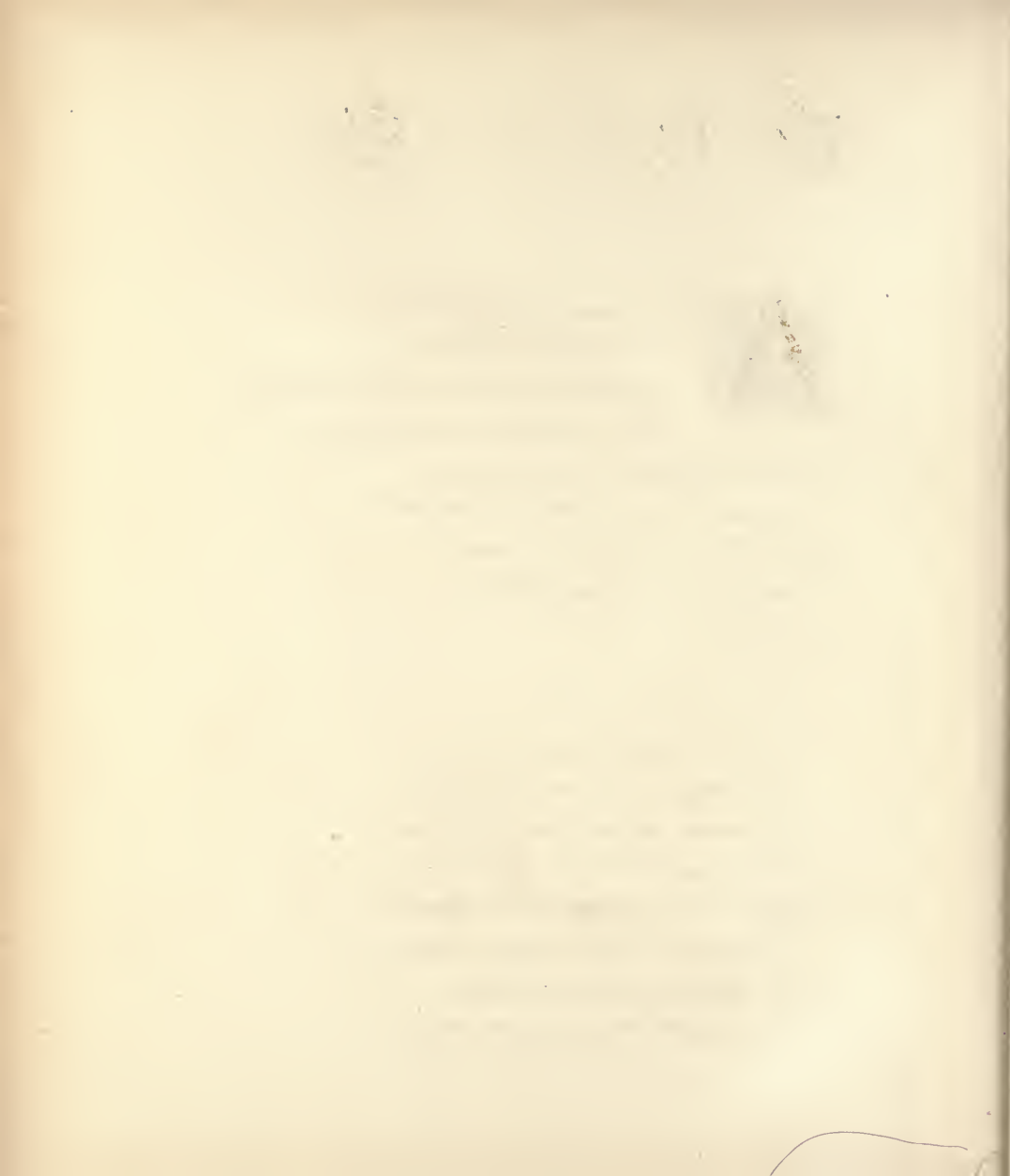
1



As the sunset crimson faded
Into amber hues one day,
And the gathering twilight deepened
Till it merged in sombre gray;
While I lingered in the gloaming,
From my heart went up a prayer,
And I lost the sense of shadows,
As I bowed in silence there.

2

Soon I felt a tender presence
Touching me with influence mild,
And a white-winged dove descended,
Cooing softly, Peace, my child.
While I wondered what the meaning
Of this dove, with wings unfurled,
Once again I heard its message,
Rise above this sin-bound world!



THE DOVE AND THE STAR.

3

Rise and soar on Hope's bright pinions!
Tarry not in shadows dim!
Preen your wings of aspiration!
Chant Love's holy vesper hymn!
See! Upon the blue empyrean
Shines the star of faith's clear light,
Beckoning with its twinkling radiance,
To a world more fair and bright.

4

Look again! Behold Hope's star-beam
Brightly flashing in the blue,
While the star of Love appearing,
Speaks of heavenly joys to you.
Constellations gild the heavens,
Brilliantly they flash afar,
Breathing words of holy promise
In the language of the star.



THE DOVE AND THE STAR.

5

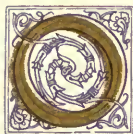
Thus the dove soared just beyond me,
 Beating with its wings the air,
Leading me to heights celestial,
 And I followed gladly there;
Till I learned the lesson taught me
 By the dove and star that night,
And the darkness of the gloaming
 Fled, before the diamond light.

6

Thus we wander in the twilight
 Of this mortal life, and fear,
Till the dove of Peace descending,
 Guides us to the glad Soul sphere.
There the light dispels the shadows;
 Glorious beams of Truth appear,
And the raptured vision shows us
 God, and man, and heaven are here.



The Everlasting Arms.



IN the bosom of Love we are resting,
Love's arms doth our being enfold,
And the heart of Omnipotence pulsates
To measures of Love untold.

Thus we dwell in divine Everpresence:

Our Father and Mother God.

We walk with the saints in glory,

And tread where our Master trod.

As we rest in the Mother love, holy,

As we list to the Mother voice, sweet,

We hear the chant of the angels

Who traverse the unseen street.

And listening, we lose the echo

Of sorrow, and sin, and sense,

Till the clouds become thin and thinner,

That conceal the vast immense.



THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

And oft as we patiently linger,
And pray for spiritual sight,
A rift in the cloud discloses
A world of wondrous light.
They are faint, faint glimpses only,
And though mists soon hide the gold,
That rift reveals marvellous beauty,
Of Life, Love and Truth, untold.

The eyes that behold this vision,
Seen through the matter veil,
Are steadily fixed on the real,
Till spiritual sight shall prevail;
And bursting the clouds, disclose heaven,
The haven of rest long sought,
The refuge for earth's weary wanderers,
Whom Love to their home has brought.



THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Thus Love leads us out from the shadows,
And Love breaks the bondage of fear,
And Love is the kingdom of heaven,
And heaven is always here.
Hence we live in divine Everpresence,
We move to the rhythm of Mind,
And losing the false and the finite,
Our heaven on earth we find.





Praise to God.



RAISE to God that we are restless,
Till we find our rest in Him;
Praise to God, our cup is empty,
Till He fills it to the brim.

Praise to God, our eyes are sightless,
Till He lights our pathway dim;
And our eyes behold the Saviour,
And our glad lips welcome Him.

Precious Saviour, Thou who gavest
Us the Comforter and Guide,
Thou whose book unlocked Truth's treasures,
In whose light we now abide,—
Draw us nearer, lift us higher,
To the stature of God's man,
Let Thy holy love, reflected,
Light us with its rainbow span,



PRAISE TO GOD.

Restless waves upon Time's ocean
Christ once calmed, with "Peace be still!"
When sense struggled, strong His pleading,—
Not mine, Father, but Thy will.
Earth-bound mortals felt the presence
Of the Christ—of Love and Life;
Felt the peace, the rest, the gladness,
Lost the sense of sin and strife.

Once again, as He has promised,
Comes the Christ to call His own;
Once again His sweet voice pleadeth,
"Follow me," in loving tone.
Hear ye Him, again repeating,
Come to me, Oh! come and see
Bread of heaven, living waters,
Ready, ever waiting thee.



PRAISE TO GOD.

Hear Him to the troubled senses
 Speak again, the "Peace be still!"
See the multitudes assemble,
 That His love their hearts may fill.
See the sinner and the sufferer,
 Pressing to the Saviour's feet;
See the Word dispelling sorrow;
 See, and seek Christ's blest retreat.

Sing the song of joy and gladness!
 Ring it out o'er hill and vale!
Shout aloud the glad hosanna:
 Truth forever shall prevail!
Christ is come, let error vanish,
 Sin and sorrow, pain and fears;
Earth will soon be filled with glory,
 Christ, our Lord, again appears.



Children, Have Ye any Meat?

—Jesus.



THE voice of the Master was heard by the men,
As he spoke from the shore, on the morning, when
He found them weary, yet toiling on
With their nets, by the morning dawn.

Cast your nets on the other side!
How the sweet voice echoed over the tide!
How their faith and love arose once more,
As they filled their nets, and pulled for shore!
As they saw the fire of coals, they said:
His love has prepared the fish and bread.
Oh! the blessed Master taught them there,
To leave their nets and forsake their care,
And prove the power of the Word.
The gentle voice of Love divine
Called to His children, "Come and dine!"
The feast He prepared was at their feet,
But they made no move to come and eat.



CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY MEAT?

They knew it was Jesus whom they saw,
And their hearts were filled with love and awe.
Then His mighty love appeared again;
He took the bread and gave to them,
And also the fishes He passed to eat,
As they knelt there at the Master's feet.
To-day He speaks to His followers few:
Are *you* feeding my lambs as I fed you,
Are you showing your love by breaking the bread,
By healing the sick and raising the dead?
Lovest thou me? then feed my sheep,
And God who works with you, His promise will keep.
The blinded eyes will awaken to see
That error had bound them;
That Truth has set free.
The prodigal feeding on husks, will arise,
As over the sea the Master cries,
Have ye aught to eat, my children dear,
Why toil all night in doubt and fear?
Cast your net on the other side,



CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY MEAT?

And in my promise sure abide;
Then draw it in, and you shall find
The riches deep of Truth, or Mind.
Oh! His wondrous power is a mine of wealth,
He gives us love, and joy and health.
He fed the lambs on the mountain steep;
Go thou and feed his wandering sheep.
He went on the mountain and called them in,
From the hill of vice, and the valley of sin.
Go thou far out on the mountain steep,
And shepherd, and feed His beloved sheep.





Flee as a Bird.

“For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.”

Isaiah 55 : 9.



LEE as a bird, from the snare of the fowler!

Flee to your mountain, ye faithful ones, flee;
Preening your wings, soar beyond earth's illusions,
Wing your flight far above sin's surging sea!

Losing the sound of time's turbulent billows,
Lashed into discord by sorrow and fear;
Flee from the snare of the merciless fowler,
Rise till the heights of your mountain appear!

Fold not your wings, till you see the sure haven,
Rest not on hill top, contented to stay;
Faint, yet pursuing, press onward and upward,
Love goes before you, illuming the way.

Soon you will lose in Love's rarified ether,
Memory of fowler, and arrow and snare;
Thoughts which are mortal will fade as the dewdrop,
Under the sunlight of God's loving care.



FLEE AS A BIRD.

Soon will the power of divine Everpresence
Wing every thought to your consciousness born;
Error will vanish like mist on the mountain,
Gone like a dream when you wake in the morn.

Then in the light of Mind's radiant effulgence,
Gilding the mountain, our wings we may fold,
While Love's potent pinions impel us forever,
As infinite glories we raptured behold.





Love's Rod and Love's Staff.



THOU wouldst not be God, if my prayer were not heard,
For thou know'st how my human with anguish is
stirred,
How my heart crieth out for Thy love and Thy
grace,

As, through tears, I look up to behold Thy dear face.

* * * * *

Thy smile dawns upon me, like soft summer rain
Upon the parched flow'ret, reviving again;
Or, like evening vespers when twilight appears,
To whisper Love's presence and dissipate fears.

Down the vista of years I gaze, till I pray
For Thy power to sustain me with grace for to-day.
Then earth's hopes and earth's idols, earth's cross and
earth's care,
Flee like phantoms before the sweet pressure of prayer.



LOVE'S ROD AND LOVE'S STAFF.

Oh! travail and anguish that rend our flesh veil!
O dear Christ, whose power doth ever prevail!
Oh! eye of the Mother-love, ear of Most High,
That hears the lone mountain lamb's piteous cry.

The heat of the furnace has melted the gold
Which awaits the impress of the Fashioner's mould;
Oh! soon may the gold lose its seeming, and fade,
'Till His glorified Substance my being pervade.

Now, Spirit, or Truth, I perceive Thine idea,
The perfect reflection of Love doth appear,
The image long looked for, and long vainly sought,
Appears, Love's true likeness, by God's wisdom wrought.

And now I respond to Omnipotent Love,
The deluge is over, returned is the dove.
The face of the Father I ever behold,
As His perfect ideas forever unfold.



Homeward.

Arise, and let us go again to our own people, and to the land of our nativity
from the oppressing sword.

Jer. 46 : 16.



RISE; let us stand in the strength of our God!

Let us slumber no more in the dream;

Let us go to our people, the home of our birth,

Our heavenly dominion redeem!

Let us dare to resist all attacks of the foe,

With our weapon of warfare—the Word!

Till the enemy falters and falls at our feet,

With its broken, defeated sword.

Oh! great is our God, He delivers His own,

He carries the lambs in His arms,

He tenderly shields them and guides and supports,

Oh! His mighty love, error disarms.

He turns back the tide, that else might submerge,

He speaks to the raging waves, “Peace”;

His voice you may hear, if you list to His call,

And your sorrow and sighing will cease.



HOMeward.

Arise, then, ye prostrate! no longer bow down
To idols of matter, or gold!
Arise in the strength of your Christ, and return
To your people, your Shepherd, and fold!





Love Watches over All.



GAZED upon a sin-bound world,

By fear and care oppressed,

Asleep in error's thrall.

I asked, what meaneth this?

I heard, "God is Omnipotent;

This is a dream,—it is not real,

Love watches over all."

The soft voice spake so tenderly,

It seemed so near to me,

And like an angel's call,

I listened, till I heard again,

"God is Omnipotent,—this is a dream,

Love watches over all."

And then I heard the brooklet sing,

And birds in matin song

Chant, "Ne'er did sparrow fall

Without its Father's notice, for

Love watches over all,

Love watches over all."



LOVE WATCHES OVER ALL.

I saw the lily droop her head,
Beneath the sultry heat
Of noonday Sol;
A raindrop fell with cooling kiss,
And whispered "Love hath sent you this,
Love watches over all."

I saw strong manhood yield to fears,
And age o'ercome with many years,
And heard them cry—"I fall."
And then I heard the voice again,
Like angels, in one grand Amen,—
"Love watches over all."

Thus bird and lily, youth and age,
Once blind in error's thrall;
Awake to Truth, and losing self,
See Christ, and sing the joyous song—
"Love watches over all!
Love watches over all!"

Friend, Go up Higher.

—Jesus; Luke 14-10.



O WANDERER in the valley of matter and of sin!
Hearest thou the loving message: Beloved enter in?
The call is now and ever, Come unto Me and rest,
From sorrow, sin, and sickness—oh, listen and be blest.

This valley is enveloped with shadows, weird and dim;
And they who tread its mazes, see never aught of Him
Who walked the vale of error, and climbed the mountain height,
And showed the world the pathway from darkness unto light.

He knew Causation — Principle, acknowledged Christ, not
creed;

He proved the power of Truth or Mind, and They who run
may read;

He trod upon the serpents, they straightway lost their sting;
He touched the sense of blindness, the light came flooding in.



FRIEND, GO UP HIGHER.

He spake to sense of deafness, it vanished at the call;
The helpless and the sorrowing, His tender love healed all;
The Word of Life so potent, the Master understood;
The power of Love so mighty, he knew was ever Good.

He calleth, Come ye weary, and cast your burden down;
Oh! turn from sense and matter, resplendent shines the crown.
The Truth is ever with you, it frees the fettered sense,
Why tarry in the valley, whose shadows are so dense?

This valley is illusion, the Adam dream of sin,
Belief of life in matter, which mortals linger in.
To-day the Christ is calling, Go higher, friend, go on
Above the foul miasma of sin, and sense, and wrong.

Above the sense of evil, rise higher, day by day;
Pursuing, ever following, the voice of Good obey;
Till far above the echo of sorrow, sin, and care,
You see no valley shadows, no error clouds you there.

* * * * *

FRIEND, GO UP HIGHER.

Have you struggled in the valley, and felt its sting and pain,
Have you longed to leave behind you its sorrowful refrain,
Have you heard the voice, "Go higher," and could not find the
way,

Did clouds shut in, and hide the mount, did error lead astray?

Oh! list, the sweet voice soundeth yet, son, daughter, follow me!
My loving arms encircle, though my face you may not see!
The Christ is ever calling, Fear not, dear one, you'll find
Beyond the vale of matter, the mountain bright of Mind.



Lead Us to the Infinite.



DEAR SAVIOUR, lead us to the Infinite,
And lift us up with Thy dear love, to Life!
O Christ of God hear, while we whisper it,
The Word destroys all sickness, sin, and strife.


We dimly see our Father's guiding thought,
And Mother-love with heavenly healing fraught.
We know Thy voice, it counsels, cheers, and chides,
And Mother-love for every want provides.

O Parent arms, encircling each dear child;
O voice so tender, loving, sweet, and mild;
O palpitating presence of the law
Of Life, and Love, and Truth, which sense ne'er saw.
We hear Thy Word, its power sets us free;
Thy love shall lead us, till we wake with Thee.

Thou Art not Far from the
Kingdom.

“The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.”

—*Jesus.*

(*Watchman*)  THOU art not far from the Kingdom,
Not far from thy heavenly Home;
Why runnest thou hither and thither,
Why longer continue to roam?

(*Traveller*) Oh! where is this Kingdom of Heaven
Oh, where is this blest abode?
I have lingered so long in the shadows,
I fear I have lost the road.
Can you, who have heard the Master,
And followed the voice of Love,
Till it led you out of the darkness,
Lead me to the realms above?

(*Watchman*) We can show you the Chart, dear seeker,
And point to His Word so true;
We can lovingly walk beside you,
But the work is for each to do.

THOU ART NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

(*Traveller*) But how may I find the true path,
For I must no longer stray;
If I am so near to His Kingdom,
Why may I not see it to-day?
If you have discerned the morning,
That dawns for the faithful here,
Do not let me stray in the gloaming,
Till its light shall disappear.

(*Watchman*) The "little book" is the Leader,
Its Author opened the seals
Of the Word of God, and unfolded,
The mystery Love reveals.

(*Traveller*) And what is the name of the volume,
Possessing such wondrous power,
A comforter sure it must be,
A strength in each darksome hour.



THOU ART NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

(*Watchman*) The Comforter we have proved it,
It calls to His children—Come in!
It opens the gates of Heaven,
And shuts them on sickness and sin.
‘ Right here is the heavenly Kingdom;
You may clasp the Father’s hand;
Here is Mother, and Home, and Heaven,
And here is the angel band.
Oh, searcher for heavenly riches,
Would you know this mine of wealth
Do you long for the Key to the Kingdom?
You will find it in “Science and Health.”





Message.



THY Christmas tree hangs heavy laden
With gifts far more precious than gold;
Aye, even with good deeds resplendent,
Whose numbers will never be told.
How blessed to know that thy mission
Is to minister daily to those,
Who, in the swift march of existence,
Sink down 'neath the weight of their woes.
Full many a faint, weary flower
Hath been with new vigor supplied,
Which, but for thy sweet ministration,
Might long since have faded and died.
I never have sought thee, and found thee
Too busy to lend me thine ear;
Or, to beam with a sweet smile of welcome,
Which could not but fill me with cheer.
These flowers, so seemingly fragile,
Are yet burden-bearers for me;
Consenting to carry a message
Of love, from thy student to thee.

Verses by a Student sent with roses on Christmas Day.

D. F.

New York City,
Christmas, 1899.



Reply to the Christmas Poem.

1



ES, my Christmas tree hangs heavy laden
With treasures more precious than gold;
And the angels unite in my vespers,
As I ponder their value untold.

2

Its branches are weighted with pure thoughts,
Which I hung one by one on Life's tree;
Till the sunshine of love-light revealèd
These jewels of Spirit to me.

3

It is blessed to know that our Saviour
Has called me to gather His own;
To watch, and to guide, and present them
Each a perfect, a tried living stone.

REPLY TO THE CHRISTMAS POEM.

4

As I, faint and weary, have listened
For the Shepherd's voice, far on the height,
I have heard the lone mountain lamb bleating,
And have tarried to give it Love's light.

5

I have oft heard the voice of the Master,,
Calling, "Lovest thou me—Feed my sheep,"
And I quickened my earnest endeavor
Up the mountain path, rugged and steep.

6

Not the wealth of the Indies, if offered,
Could purchase one jewel from me,
Which I found in the rough, and have polished,
Till its prism hues flash from my tree.

REPLY TO THE CHRISTMAS POEM.

7

There is one minor chord in my anthem,
But which Love is attuning each day,
As I think of the gems that have fallen,
Ere Love's minstrel had finished her lay.

8

Yes, my Christmas tree is heavy laden,
But its branches are mighty to hold
Every gem, which the dear Love has given,
Every wanderer once in my fold.

* * * * *

9

The flowers so pure and so fragrant,
Brought quickly your message to me,
And I forward my love, on the wings of a dove,
My dear faithful student to thee.

Dec. 27th, 1899.

Letter to our beloved Reader from
Her Ambkins.



ESUS loves you, so do we,
Little children though we be.
Little hearts that Mother-love
In your bosom broods above;

Little feet that you have led,
In the paths of love to tread;
Little ones whom you have taught,
How the deeds of Christ were wrought.

Little eyes that beamed with bliss,
When dear Mother sent us this—
Sweetest poem ever read,
'Tis a table for us spread.

Reply to the
beautiful poem,
written by Mary
Baker G. Eddy
to the Sunday
School Children
of First Church
of Christ, Scien-
tist, New York,
N. Y. (See C. S.
Journal, May,
1899.)

LETTER TO OUR BELOVED LEADER FROM HER
LAMBKINS.

Little ears, will learn to list
For your loving voice, we wist,
And will follow all the Way
Mother's footsteps, day by day.

Know we well who gave us Mother;
Taught us all to love each other;
And the love we send to-day,
God's dear love, is yours always.

April, 1899.



Stand Firm.

“He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to my Father.”

—*Jesus.*



ARE to stand forth in the strength of His promise!

Wield the sword fearlessly, whet with His love;

Dare to tread firmly on serpents and scorpions!

“They shall not sting you,” resounds from above.

Christ bids you rise to your conscious dominion;

Life calls to action, obey Truth's behest;

Love's constant whisper is, “Man is immortal,”

Dear one, press on to the realms of the blest!

SWEETER than lullabies, sung by the mother;

CLEARER than ocean's roar, heard in the shell;

SOFTER than zephyrs, the voice of the Father,—

“Child I am with thee, fear not, all is well.”

STAND FIRM.

Then let us dare to stand, firm as an anvil,
Holding the banner of Science, our King;
Ever rejoicing that Love is the victor,
As daily our sheaves to the Master we bring!

“Love one another.” Oh! hark to His pleading.
Follow, and bring in my lambs as they roam.
Love goes before you, dispelling the shadows;
List to the mountain horn calling you home.

* * * * *

Then following our Leader, our love-crownèd Leader,
Who guides us so safely through matter's dark vale,
Let us watch for Love's hand, as we climb Mind's bright
mountain,
Nor lay down the sword till its summit we scale!



To My Dear Students and Church Members.



FEAR not, little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure,
To give you the kingdom," the robe and the ring.
Fear not the mad foe, who beholding your triumph,
Pursues to destroy with the merciless sting.

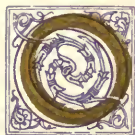
Take heart, the avenger can not overthrow you;
The Cause is the Lord's, and the victory is sure;
Press on in the race for immortal dominion,
Nor turn back to idols—resist and endure.

Then raise high the standard of Truth, as you follow
Your Shepherd, who leads to life's pastures immense;
He folds, and protects from the wolf, and the fowler,
Who lure to o'erthrow in the valley of sense.

Awake to your birthright! And, guided by Wisdom,
Communing with Spirit, the quickening dove,
You will soar, as a bird, beyond each sin-barbed arrow,
And rest, safe in joyous omnipotent Love.

Dove of Peace.

I



DOVE of the white wings,
Soaring so near;
O sign of the great Heart
Which banishes fear;

O Love, which is Infinite,
Seal us thine own;
And lead us to worship
The Father alone!

2

O Heart of the Motherhood,
Brooding above,
Soft voicing Thy message
Through Love's chosen love;
Hear gratitude voiceless,
And prayers without speech,
Which soar, like the dove,
Heaven's portals to reach!

Written after
reading the
poem entitled
"Signs of the
Heart," by
Mary Baker G.
Eddy. (See C. S.
Journal, July,
1899.)



DOVE OF PEACE.

3

Oh! fill us with meekness,
To sit at her feet,
Who teaches the pathway
To Love's blest retreat;
Who leads Israel's Army
In paths Jesus trod,—
The highway of holiness,
Leading to God!





The Sunlight of Love's Presence.



IN the secret of Love's presence,
'Neath the covert of Her wings,
While the tempest rages wildly,
And the dove no message brings;
'Mid the thundering of error,
And the lightning flash in sky,
I am waiting in the darkness;—
Watching till the clouds roll by.

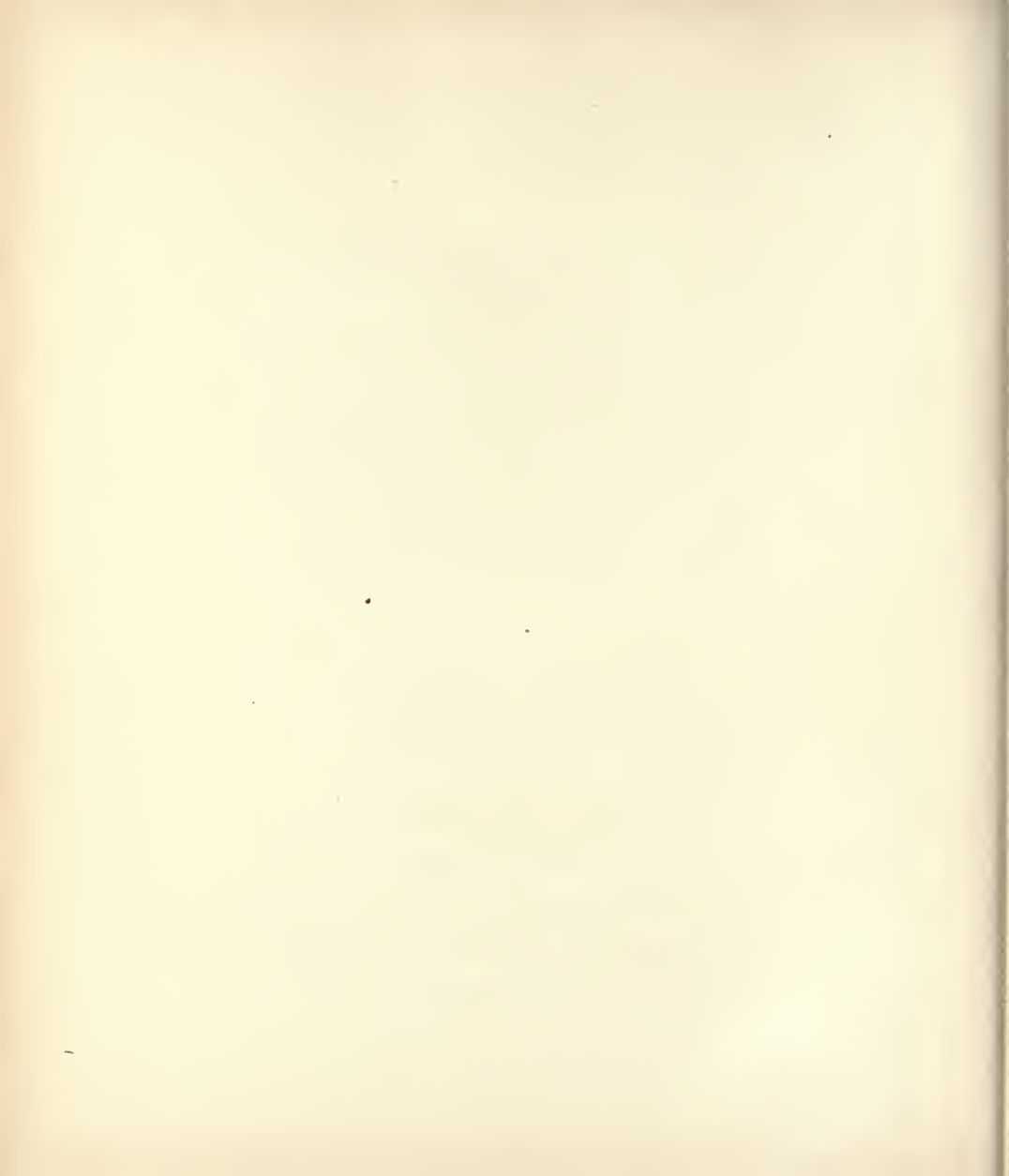
Faintly gleams the light through shadows;
Rifts within the clouds appear;
While the lull of angry tempest
Falls upon the listening ear.
Soon the sunburst of Love's presence,
Radiant, joy inspiring, strong,
Fills the heart with bliss and beauty,
Wakes the Jubilaté song.



THE SUNLIGHT OF LOVE'S PRESENCE.

Dreams and shadows flit and vanish,
Mortal concepts fade apace;
Earth is filled with light and glory;
Everywhere God's smile we trace.
Could we see through Spirit's concept,
Could we hear through Spirit's sense,
There would be no angry tempest;
There would be no shadows dense.

Through the wilderness we journey,
Meeting fears, a spectral band;
And like children, faint with terror,
Cry, O Father, take my hand!"
Close the dear Love ever hovers,
Never absent—ever near,—
Hears our call, and folds, and soothes us,
Wipes away each falling tear.



THE SUNLIGHT OF LOVE'S PRESENCE.

Can we falter,—can we ever
Fear to meet earth's phantoms grim.
Since with tender care God watches
Over all who trust in Him?
Joys immortal are our birthright;
Life Eternal spans our sky;
Love is victor; Truth has triumphed;
Clouds and tempests have rolled by.





When Love Doth Guide.

I



HEN Love doth guide,
And we abide
In Her, our Life,
The dove of peace,
Brings quick release,
From sin and strife.

2

Alone with God,
Our Master trod
Gethsemane;
Nor turned awhile,
To gain the smile
Of Pharisee.

3

Shall we forsooth,
Forsake our Truth,
When foes appear ?
God mighty is,
And we are His;
Love has no fear.

Replv to a
poem entitled
"Satisfied."
written by
Mary Baker G.
Eddy.
(See C. S. Journal,
February, 1900.)

WHEN LOVE DOTH GUIDE.

4

Love, like the light,
Puts hate to flight,
And envy's darts;
She wings Her own,
Doth joy enthrone
In humble hearts.

5

The Nazarene
Of humble mien
Won victory's crown;
Love's labors blest,
He found sweet rest
Beyond hate's frown.

6

Love's welcome voice,
(Her holy choice)
Bids mortals rise
From sin's dark night
To see the light
Of Paradise.



WHEN LOVE DOTH GUIDE.

7

All praise to God,
For her who trod
 The wine-press, lone;
Whose cup of woe
Did overflow,
 Sin to atone.

8

Let anthems tell,
Let chimes of bell
 Proclaim the Bride!
Love robed in light
Is radiant, white,
 And "satisfied."

Jan. 25th, 1900.



The Dawning Day.



DEAR Love, as we near Thee, how thin seems the cloud
Which hides from our vision Thy face, like a shroud!
In Thy light we see light; in Thy love and grace,
Heaven's portals swing open, we see face to face.

False concepts no longer form images grim,
Which lure, and deceive, and conceal from us Him
Whose Life is our life, and whose likeness we trace
In Love's mirrored love, on humanity's face.

Love dissipates terror, and bids phantoms flee;
She calls to earth's wanderers, "Love careth for thee."
She sings Her sweet lullaby, "Mother is near,
Now rest on my bosom, there is nothing to fear."

O heart of the Mother-love, God with us here,
Our pæans of gratitude rise, full and clear.
For Thy chosen Wayshower, holy and true,
Who leads past the hill-crest, till heaven we view.



Could Ye not Watch?

“Could ye not watch with me one hour?”

JESUS.



RAVE wrestler for the prize of Life Eternal,
Treading alone earth's rugged paths to light,
Art thou so weary of thy self denials,
So tired of thy crosses and thy trials?
List! to the voice of Christ across the sea!
Can'st thou not watch one hour more with me?

Can'st thou not suffer, calm in tribulation,
Knowing that Christ Himself before thee goes,
Leading thee to thy heavenly habitation,
Beyond this storm-tossed dream of pain and woes?

O soldier, sleep not on thy sword, but watch thee
One little hour, until thy Christ appears;
And the “well done”—ye faithful, blessed are ye
Who steadfast onward press,—shall hush thy fears.



COULD YE NOT WATCH ?

There is no royal road to heavenly treasure;
The pathway does not lead through human pride;
But meekness, faith, and love, must fill the measure
We humbly offer to the Glorified.

O patient watcher with thy heavenly Leader,
One little hour longer pray and wait!—
And thou shalt find, the meek and earnest pleader,
Faith crowned, triumphant, opens heaven's gate.





Spiritual Senses.

I



HERE'S an eye beyond the human,
That beholdeth only Good,
That sees God's vast creation
And man's real brotherhood;
That looks on things supernal,
Rejoicing in the light
Which revealeth perfect Wisdom,
Omnipotence and might.

2

There's an ear beyond the finite,
Which hears only words of peace;
Which lists to sweetest harmonies
That never never cease;
Which hears the constant melody
Of soul reviving Life,
And nothing knows of finite sense,
Of sin and human strife.



SPIRITUAL SENSES.

3

There's a sense that tastes the real,
And sees that God is Good;
Whose delights are rare unfoldings
Of the blessed Fatherhood;
Whose silent speech, the thought of God,
Expressed in His idea,
Has sweetest taste of Life and Love,
And never taste of fear.

4

There's a Power, a mighty Presence,
Which sustains immortal man,
Which he feels is Life Eternal,
For he knows man ne'er began.
Forever with the Father,
He feeleth joy and rest,
Unfoldeth, as the lily
On the water's peaceful breast.



SPIRITUAL SENSES.

5

There's a sense beyond the finite,
Which inhales God's atmosphere,
And smells the sweet aroma
Of Love's flowers ever near;
Which wanders in His garden,
Drinking in the perfumes rare,
And nothing knows of planting,
Of watering, or of care.

6

Thus seeing, hearing, taste, and smell,
And feeling, are divine;
And prayers, like censers' perfumes rise,
"O Father, we are thine."
Then, turning from the mortal,
And gazing on the goal,
We lose our finite sense of self,
And find our sense in Soul.



The Birdies' Greeting to our Reader.



IF a little bird may say
What is in his heart to-day,
I would say, A song of glee
Motherhood of God for thee.

If you ask, "Why come you here?"
I will say, Your home to cheer,
Life, Love, Truth, the whole day long
Is the burden of my song.

At the early morning dawn
I will sing, Our Christ is born.
And when dawn fades from our sight
I will sing, Let there be light.

As the light appears to men,
I will sing, Amen! Amen!
When the full-orbed sun appears—
I will sing, Love cheers! Love cheers!

Verses sent
with caged
canary bird
to Mrs.
Eddy.

THE BIRDIES' GREETING TO OUR LEADER.

And as love appears to me
I will sing—Truth sets me free!
Loud I'll sing—God is the power
Moving me from hour to hour.

If you ask Who told you so?
I will sing, You know, you know,
Who has taught the world, to see
God's idea, in man and me.

Turned us from the finite sense
To the Infinite immense,
From the human flesh-veiled view
To the spiritual and true.

I will sing a tend'rer song
And its glad refrain prolong,
I will trill, Life, Truth and Love,
Echoing the choirs above.

As the sun sinks in the West
I will sing Beloved, rest,
When the twilight hour draws near
I will softly sing Good Cheer.



THE BIRDIES' GREETING TO OUR LEADER.

And when shadows chase the light,
I will sing, There is no night,
Then will darkness flee away
As I sing, Behold God's day.

If I listen, I shall hear,
Birdie you are God's idea,
Sent to chant your merry lay
Lovingly to cheer my way.

* * * * *

Then how blithely I will sing
Praises to our Saviour King,
Join with you the matin song,
Sing with you the whole day long—
God is Love and God is Good,
Birdie, and "God's Motherhood."
Hymn of gratitude repeat
As I rest in Love's retreat.

INSCRIPTION
ON
First Church of Christ, Scientist,
NEW YORK CITY.



A TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO OUR LEADER
AND TEACHER,

The Reverend Mary Baker Eddy

DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, AND
AUTHOR OF ITS TEXT-BOOK "SCIENCE AND HEALTH
WITH KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES."



First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City.



Harvest Song.



ING a psalm of victory,
Children of the King!
Let your harvest home-song
Strengthen upward wing!

Sing, till mount and valley
Echo gladsome strain!
Till earth's weary wanderers
Sound the grand refrain!

Sing a sweeter, stronger
Hymn, of Love's great power!
Ring out glad hosannas
In this triumph hour!

Tell in song the story,—
Christ has come, to bring
Life to sin-blind mortals,
Health to wounded wing!

Written during
the erection of
First Church of
Christ, Scientist,
New York City,
1903.

HARVEST SONG.

Church of Christ uprising,
Silent voice of Love,
Steadfast, calm, majestic,
Type of Church above!

Sing ye true and faithful,
Valiant, brave, and strong!
Ring the chimes from tower,
Hymns of praise prolong!

Love's sweet harvest home-song
Vintage bells resound;
Christ comes to His temple,
And His own are crowned.





The Father's Voice.



WER the billowy waves of fear
Hark! the Father's voice I hear.
Child of my most tender care,
Fear no foe, no earthly snare,
I am all in all to thee
And my Love hath made thee free.

O'er the sobbing sea of woe
Comes a voice so sweet and low
All is joy and rest and peace,
Let thy weary yearning cease,
Dry thine eyes, thou art not sad
For my Love hath made thee glad.

In the grass, the flower, the tree,
Speaks the Father's voice to me.
I am thy eternal wealth,
I am thy eternal health,
Thou art rich for thou art mine,
And the whole of heaven is thine.



Can God Furnish a Table in the Wilderness?



O Thy table richly laden,
Mother mine,
I have heard the invitation,
Come and dine!

Thanksgiving Day

Feed Thou my immortal cravings,
Father mine,
Break for me the bread of heaven,
Love divine.

Let Thy substance full and deep,
O'er my famished heartstrings sweep,
'Till my hunger Thou dost feed
With the living bread I need.

From Thy table richly laden,
Mother mine,
With the eternal bread of God
And royal wine,
Let me look to Thee alone,
Give me bread, remove the stone,
Thus by Thee, O Father fed
Give me ever substance bread.



CAN GOD FURNISH A TABLE IN THE WILDERNESS?

Living, pure, reviving waters,
 Mother mine,
Flow from Thee, Thou Source immortal,
 Mind divine.
Can I thirst when Thou art near
Can I hunger, can I fear?
No! I find my all in Thee,
And Thy love hath made me free.

So I joyous daily journey,
 On the Way,
Watch, and work, and wait, and sing,
 And love and pray,
By Thine affluence daily fed,
By Thy love-light ever led,
I shall safe in Love abide,
Rest in Thee—be satisfied.





Lead Thou Me.



HEPHERD hear my pleading prayer,
Father take my hand;
Light the torch and lead the way
Through time's desert land.

I am longing for the day,
Promised by our Lord,
Light the torch and lead the way,
Father-Mother God.

Guide me, Saviour, lest I stray,
Firmly clasp my hand,
Light the torch and lead the way,
All my steps command.

Dear Christ, Thou my strength, and stay,
Thou my joy, my song:
Light the path and lead the way,
Through the phantom throng.



LEAD THOU ME.

Thus I fearless walk, and pray,
 Father, guard Thy child,
Light the torch and lead the way
 Through the tempest wild.

Father—Mother—Love divine,
 Life in Thee I find;
Light the path and lead the way
 To my home in mind.





Divine Guidance.



CANNOT lose the way,
If Thou dost guide.
I cannot stray nor fail,
Whate'er betide.

Oh! Parent arms encircle me to-day,
And draw me closer, as I trust and pray.

In Thy pure light of love
I see Thy man.
Thy mirrored image,
Perfect, real, I scan.
The earth mists vanish
Love reveals Her smile,
And gently whispers,
"Bide with me awhile."

Yes, gentle Presence, Love,
We linger here,
While shadows vanish
And Thy voice we hear
In tender tones,
And tremulous and true,
"This is my image
Face to face with you."



DIVINE GUIDANCE.

This is my likeness, this
My perfect plan,
My image radiant
In the face of man.
Thus face to face with Love
The Life, The Way,
Earth's night gives place
To Love's eternal day.





Garnering.

“Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor,
and gather his wheat into the garner.” — *Matthew 3:12.*



H ! wheat of God,
Who spurn time's sod,
And rend the finite sense ;
Who fearless dare
On wings of prayer,
To leave earth's shadows dense.

Oh ! wheat of God,
Whose feet have trod
Time's arid desert sands ;
Whose quest for Love,
The heavenly dove,
God's peace and power commands.

Oh ! wheat of God,
Thrust out from clod
And earth weights, rise, and soar
To heights sublime,
Where Love's bells chime
Love's endless more and more.

Written after
presentation,
by students,
of a sheaf of
wheat,
July 17, 1910.



GARNERING.

Oh ! wheat of God,
The chastening rod
Of Love, consumes the tares.
Love's hand hath led,
Love's love hath fed
God's wheat, with ceaseless prayers.

Love's chosen love,
Love's white-winged dove,
Has garnered in Her wheat ;
Has scaled Mind's mount ;
Has drunk at fount
Of Spirit infinite.

Oh ! wheat of God,
The Master trod
This finite dream of woe.
Our Leader drank
His cup, nor shrank
From test of cruel foe.



GARNERING.

Oh ! wheat of God,
Wield Love's strong rod
Which frees earth's mental slave.
God gives you might
To prove the right—
Gives victory to the brave.

Intrepid band,
You understand
Your Source—Eternal Life.
Obey His Son,
The Holy One
Who stills all human strife.

Oh ! wheat of God,
Kiss ye Love's rod,
Rejoice ye dauntless, sing ;
Love's voice obey,
She leads the way,
To Christ, our Lord and King.



VERSES

TAKEN FROM POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH



Retrospection.



SITTING and musing alone to-night,
While the moonbeams reflect their shimmering light,
And the waters below, in silver sheen,
Like the streets of our heavenly home, I ween;
While the twinkling stars, with their radiance bright,
Talk of angel forms in the world of light,—
I dream, and the waters whispering low,
Tell of childhood, and friends of long ago.
I yield me to memory, and once more tread
Those childhood paths, which with joy I sped,
And I sit again on my father's knee,
And list to the tales he told to me.
I gaze on his face, so young and fair,
And can see no trace of age or care;
So I sit as a child, on my father's knee,
And list to his loving words to me.
Dear Mother appears,—what word so sweet;
Again as of yore, I kneel at her feet,
And learn from her lips the words of Truth,
As she taught me of God, through childhood and youth.

Written in Bom-
bay, India.



RETROSPECTION.

I hear her speak in her gentle tone,
Of our dear Redeemer, who trod alone
The winepress, and suffered to set men free
From sin, and from death, in Gethsemane.
I am clasped to her heart, as in youth, she pressed
Her little one to her loving breast;
And I feel her heart with joy beat wild;
As she hopes, and prays, for her darling child,
Then I pass my hand through her rich brown hair,
But can see no thread of silver there.
And so to-night as a child, I rest
In a beautiful dream, on my mother's breast.—

* * * * *

The dream is o'er, I wake from the past,
Too bright, too beautiful far to last;
My heart is sad, and I hush a sigh,
As my thoughts to my distant parents fly.
Oh! deep in my soul lies a fervent prayer
Of thanks to God, for His tender care,
For my parents, spared to me so long,



RETROSPECTION.

Till I chose the right, and shunned the wrong.
My father dear, as I think of thee,
Time has furrowed thy cheek I see;
Thy step is less firm, and thine eye has less light,
But thy heart is as youthful, thy smile is as bright.
And there as in childhood, again I would rest,
On my noble, loving father's breast.
Dear saintly mother has felt Time's hand,
He has touched her lightly with his wand,
And as I look on her beautiful hair,
Some threads of silver I notice there.
But her heart has resisted the storms of time,
And is loving, and brave, as in youthful prime.
If efforts to render me worthy your care
Are crowned with fruition, in answer to prayer,
Then I will reward you,—and comfort always,
And thus my Creator will honor and praise.
Oh! love is abiding, enduring for aye,
And gratitude wipes every tear drop away.
Thus love and deep thankfulness,—offerings meet,
I lay as a tribute, dear ones, at your feet.



Psalm of Gratitude.



HE roaring winds and the wild dashing waves,
The tempest in all its force,
Appalls me not, for above it all,
I can hear my Father's voice.

Written in 1878
during a terrible
storm in mid
ocean.

I list to His words with a calm sweet trust,
For He oft to my heart doth speak;
And I hear Him say, Fear not, I am near
To all who my mercy seek.

Enveloped in clouds, mid fury-lashed waves,
Which threaten my faith to o'erwhelm;
The voice of my Father brings courage and calm,
As with strong hand He steadies the helm;



PSALM OF GRATITUDE.

In all of the dangers and trials of life,
In sorrow, temptation and pain,
When feeling my weakness, I call upon Him,
I never implore in vain.

So I'll walk by faith at my Father's side,
As I journey on life's highway;
And looking to Him for strength and aid,
I shall ne'er from His presence stray.





Home.



HERE is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, brighter place than all the rest,
Where loved ones dwell, and in communion sweet,
Spend blissful hours in home's calm retreat.

O home! How glad it lingers on the tongue!
Thy dear delights how often I have sung!
Thy hallowed joys, how often I recall,
And on the page of memory trace them all!

Written in Eng-
land in 1878.

In wandering through this world of joy and woe,
As they in quick succession come and go,
May memory often to my dear ones turn,
As home's sweet joys within my bosom burn!

I see thy sacred walls, and press the hand
Of each loved member of that household band.
Oh! may I soon return to "Home sweet Home,"
Nor long in foreign lands a stranger roam.



HOME.

As pants the thirsty hart for cooling streams,
Or weary wanderer, in the desert dreams
Of babbling brooklets, hastening to the sea,
So I, dear home and loved ones, sigh for thee.

* * * * *

O wanderer, longing for thy heavenly home,
Where'er in arid wastes thy footsteps roam;
One "Home, Sweet Home," must ever be thy goal, added in 1901
The Mother, Home and heavenly rest of Soul.





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